The
COMMONWEAL

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How Much Hemisphere Collaboration?

AS UNITED STATES participation in the war intensifies, it becomes clear that it is no longer a case of Americans being satisfied with successful defensive action. Everything is to be built up for the winning offensive. This is reflected in Latin America where in the Rio conference Undersecretary Welles first stressed the idea that *we* would fight the war, but wanted to be sure that no Axis operations could be based on Latin-American territory. Later the far-reaching plan for active hemisphere collaboration was announced and it went far beyond any conception of merely maintaining territorial integrity. It outlines coordinated action of a hemisphere at war.

Unanimous breaking off of all political, financial and economic relations with Germany, Italy and Japan by the Latin American nations would exert, most certainly, considerable moral force. It would strike another hard blow at Axis peoples already more than uneasy as to their ultimate success. Yet in these days of all but absolute control of information and misinformation the effect of such a gesture is difficult to evaluate. What would seem to be of far greater import for the waging of the war are the means selected for implementing the new Pan-American agreement, however sweeping or unanimous it turns out.

From the viewpoint of pure defense it is important that the activities of Axis commercial and diplomatic agents be rigidly restricted. Although the territorial integrity of none of the Central and South American countries is now immediately threatened, they are virtually defenseless. In consequence non-belligerent status, with free access to ports and supplies, should be afforded the United States, if not the British Empire, by every one of them. Perhaps as a temporary expedient, at least, we should be granted naval and air bases on the Atlantic and Pacific, both North and South —but only if a comprehensive program for building up the war industries and armed forces of the Latin American countries is undertaken simultaneously with the aim of enabling these nations singly and severally to defend themselves. And even now their modest array of ships and planes should enable them to participate most usefully in patrolling the South Atlantic and the South Pacific. A much more delicate question concerns what is to be done if a group hostile to the United States or to the allied American republics should seize the controls within a single country.

Yet all this pales before the nine-point program for hemisphere collaboration announced from Washington as we go to press. It means far more than supplying the US with vital raw materials once obtained in the East. The pooling of every resource, organic and inorganic, human and inanimate, commercial and military, goods, services and transportation throughout the hemisphere even in days like these is grandiose enough to stagger the imagination. If it is adopted it will go a long way toward setting up a maximum of joint output in the shortest time possible. If it is adopted, war measure that it is, it will make the achievements of earlier Pan-American conferences comparatively minor.

Recreation and Morale

"MORALE" is more than "just a French word," as the current quip has it. The term covers an asset of surpassing value to any nation in times of war and peace alike. But we had better beware, perhaps, of dogmatizing about the exact shape it should wear and the exact ways for securing it. The corporate courage in action and resilience under adversity which is, roughly, what we mean by morale, varies in its manifestations according to the wide differences in individual and national temperaments. Obviously, morale depends on character; but the potentiality of any given character may remain a secret even from its possessor until the impact of mortal crisis. Obviously, too, there is a genuine relation between morale and recreation; but here again no recipe exists—not to speak of the fact that "recreation" is itself a word which takes a good deal of defining. These, and other questions involved in this vital but elusive subject, are reflected in the various experiments and projects now being tried out on our selectees; of them a fair summary would be that they seem occasionally to contradict one an-

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other, but this is due to the many-sidedness of the thing they aim to secure. Each plan is good; none should be made exclusive. The National Recreation Association is staging an admirable drive for an America "fit and invincible." This is needed, as service rejection data show, and to the extent that it succeeds, it must push up morale. But sports, whether rigorous or mild, are not enough. There must be gaiety too—an observation which might be directed likewise at Lieutenant-Commander Tunney. An undoubted authority on morale, this officer despite his splendid work has, by deprecating the light moment symbolized by cigarettes and pretty hostesses, betrayed a touch of what his favorite dramatist describes as thinking that because he is virtuous no one else should have any cakes and ale. And yet, cakes and ale, "fun and games," in their turn are not enough. Twenty-five percent of the men in camp read serious books only. A large number of those on leave want to go to concerts instead of musical comedies. And the recent conference held here on "War and Recreation" witnessed officers from all the services asking in effect for less complicated entertainment for their men—stressing the need for "restful leisure," for cheap, clean quarters and food, and for the opportunity of "just sitting." Morale, to repeat, varies with the man.

Every Man a General!

IT'S A POOR dinner table we sit down to these days without a general as bold as Hannibal on our right and an admiral with the mind of a Mahan to the left. We are all grand strategists now, disposing the warring forces of nations over all the areas of the globe which daily papers picture with a newer realism. And it is not simply a silly and self-indulgent pastime. In an armchair it is genuinely easier to be a general than a captain or a top sergeant. To make a fair approximation of grand strategy you do not need the vast accumulation of practical military science which ought to be gathered through the different ranks by a professional soldier. An ignorant man would be more likely to hit off a correct continental campaign than he would to hit a moving target with a field gun.

But positive advantage can be gathered from the universal private conferences on strategy. One's strategical plans are likely to follow from the kind of thing one likes, and the war plans one tends to like will generally follow what one is best suited for. The talk may sift out the talents of the people so they can be utilized to best advantage. For instance, there is much discussion now about "jeeps" and "P.T. boats" which young Americans could almost certainly handle better in action than any other population, and which American industry is attuned to manufacture in a class by itself. We have to get something different than the rest of the world, and not simply a little more of what they have. An untrammeled amateur may be in the best position to find it. Then, the grander the strategical talk gets, the more inevitably it is forced into the political field, where any citizen can quite legally claim to be the peer of General Marshall or of Admiral King. Thus, vicarious generalship may lead to actual citizenship. War ends may be envisaged . . . peace plans evolved . . . an Idea may come to the warring peoples of the world . . . victory may advance to the battle fronts from the active spirit of the people at home.

Who Is John L. Lewis?

ON MONDAY, January 19, the New York *Times* ran the headline: "Lewis, A.F.L. Agree to End Labor Rift; Meany Joint Head." Shortly—very shortly—President Murray repudiated the whole maneuver. President Green was no less direct in repudiation. The A.F.L. and the C.I.O. both have special bodies set up to handle the problem of peace between the organizations, and these bodies have not been in action for two years.

There is no question but that the reported settlement should be associated most intimately with John L. Lewis. Notice how Murray and Green are balanced in retirement from front and influential positions, while Meany and Lewis are balanced in forward steps from their present subsidiary places in official organizations. The war position of Lewis is on the face of it revolutionized: He put himself outside the central C.I.O. directing group, particularly at the Detroit meeting of November, through his anti-war tendencies. Now he calls for "unity" principally on the support-the-war argument. At first, Mrs. Roosevelt was quoted as calling the change, "grand," but later the President backed Murray. From being the most difficult case holding up reconciliation moves between the C.I.O. and A.F.L., and from acting with the greatest possible disregard toward established unions in efforts to build up new industrial organizations, Lewis switches to the polar opposite of appeasement.

What is John L. Lewis? Undoubtedly this story is not merely fanciful. Undoubtedly there are strong currents running through both labor organizations toward reconciliation, in the ranks and also among the leaders and their governmental friends. Lewis has been talking with the A.F.L. This particular drama, however, is not an official one on either side. There are many secrets and much political jockeying which we, as members of the public (like the ordinary unions dues payers) don't know anything about. The democratic ideal of open dealing appears to be little more honored in labor politics than in international. It would be unreal not to regard, when considering this step toward "unity," the official

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drive and party line of the Communist Party. The C.P., which briefly kept Lewis in their bad books while he opposed the communist labor and war policy, are the protagonists of an earlier and fishier "unity" campaign in the unions. It appears that the C.P. is operating in this country their greatest and supreme United Front drive. The diplomacy of the war and the personal careers of great numbers of Americans in private life, in union work and in politics are involved in this campaign. It has never been an open and above-board movement.

With Green and still more pointedly with Philip Murray, and with President Roosevelt himself, we are necessarily suspicious of this current play. A reconciliation of the C.I.O. and the A.F.L., like success against the nazis on the Russian front, is profoundly to be hoped for, but people in this country ought to work for these successes, as Mr. Murray somewhat enigmatically, perhaps, says, "the democratic way. . . . If peace conferences should be had no Pearl Harbors should ensue."

The Vichy Government

ORIGINATING in defeat, identified with defeat, and viable only in a Europe defeated and dominated by Germany, the present government of France attempts to stabilize and organize defeat. It seeks also to install in France an authoritarian régime which can coexist, through collaboration, with the régime which the Germans plan to impose on Europe. It is a government of despair and it rationalizes a situation which it considers unredeemable. For these reasons the present government of France must be antagonistic, necessarily, to those projects — American among others — which seek a reversal of the European situation through the defeat of the Axis forces.

That is a way the Vichy government can be described—and accurately. That is the way a drowned man is described, suspended in the middle depths of the ocean with the indifferent fish about him. But that is not an entirely satisfactory method of describing an organization of living men in a peculiarly fluctuating moment of history. The Vichy government has no such final status because the men who compose it, and their theories and their self-interest, are subject to the changing conditions which, living, they face. To describe the Vichy government and to foresee its future action one must look at the French in France, at the men in power, but also at the French people whose power, in the long run, must inform any régime.

There is no need to name, praise, or accuse individuals. To classify everyone connected with the Vichy government as a collaborationist is unjust and absurd. For one thing the functions of government must continue: for another the situation imposes the outward signs of collaboration on men whose inner consent is withheld. It is undeniable also that there are collaborationists who sincerely have their country's interests at heart. Yet round the government collect inevitably permanent types of opportunists and adventurers: together with men unhappy simply, and confused. This personnel is the classic personnel of the great French moralists, La Rochefoucauld and Molière have described these men—those who want to collaborate with any police, those who live in fear of the people, those who wish to make use of the Church to keep order. Courteline has described the cheat. What does it matter whether it be Drieu La Rochelle or another who most has flattered the conqueror? There will always be an intellectual to worship force. Why bother to put the name of Doriot to the classic hired demagog and ambitious traitor?

The speculators in Paris building fortunes, fortunately unstable, on the ruins of their country, feeding at four hundred francs a dinner, investing in real estate on the Riviera, are the men who brought about the Revolution and who profited under Napoleon. They are all transpositions from Balzac, and Daumier has drawn them all.

Froissart and Péguy have described the others, those whom we cannot see, who are silent, who are throughout the country, in occupied and in unoccupied France, and in Vichy, and in the government itself. Those French people who now, as in the past, have never admitted that a situation could be lost irretrievably: that of their country—when the English held nearly all of it and they rallied to Jeanne d'Arc—that of their freedom to organize their lives. Of these people the Marshal spoke sadly in his New Year's Day message. They are the irreconcilable.

Between the extremes of active collaboration and active resistance there is the mass of the French people, untouched by fascism, unattracted by Germany, forced to work and to live, forced also to keep running the machinery of government, and the public services—expectant on events.

The turn of events will be determined to a great extent by the effort we are making in America to win the war. It is because we want that effort known in France that we must keep our diplomatic representation in France. When Abetz speaks and threatens and portrays the future of Europe, Admiral Leahy must be there to speak also and predict also—with all the assurance of our growing power. When Vichy sees that despair—on which its policy has been based—springs from an error in estimating the facts of the war, German attraction will cease to exist. As for French fascism, the French will attend to that.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Bond of Unity

ON JANUARY 9, 10 and 11 there took place in Anacostia, on the outskirts of Washington, D. C., a convention humble enough, unstartling enough, in its outward aspects yet profoundly revolutionary in its inward implication. Revolutionary in its attack upon the most unchristian of America's social attitudes, revolutionary in its example of what parochial and community life could mean if all of us truly worked to give these things meaning.

Anacostia is a hodgepodge settlement on Washington's South East periphery; its sharp slopes and gullies are inhabited almost entirely by "Negroes," although to a Northern visitor this would not be immediately evident, for many of these people have blue eyes and light hair and fair complexions. Yet by Washington standards —by Southern standards in general—they are "colored." The people are as poor as it is possible to be and yet survive; there are a few members of the middle class—government employees, teachers, professional men; most are domestic servants, laborers, retail clerks, reliefers. A group among these about a year ago formed a study club—the League of the Christian Family—under the general guidance of the assistant to the pastor of the Catholic church in the neighborhood, although the participants were by no means all Catholics. For months they devoted themselves to studying the family: its nature, its problems, its function, its perfection. And they decided that they should share what they had discovered with their neighbors. So a convention was arranged for the weekend which includes the Feast of the Holy Family.

The meetings were held in the auditorium of the public high school, in the recreation room of a government housing project, in the parish hall. Each was under the chairmanship of one of the local Protestant ministers — Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal. The pattern set up for each meeting was the same: registration, an opening prayer, in which all who were present took part, and then general discussion following prepared papers delivered by members of the study group, the League of the Christian Family. On Sunday morning, not as a part of the convention, but nevertheless as a climax to it, a Solemn Mass was sung in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help by the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, who gave Communion to more than 500 members of the parish in family groups—first grandparents, then parents, then children. The Mass was followed by a public act of consecration on the part of all those present to the Christian conception of the family.

This naked skeleton in itself is remarkable enough; the warm flesh and blood that gave it life constituted the real character of the occasion. Most of the discussion leaders were men and women whose workday lives are spent at menial and ill-paid tasks; to such people the problems of family life are very real: "Families and Their Income"; "Families and Their Dwellings with Special Reference to Art in the Home"; "Leisure Activities within the Family"; "The Education of Parents"; Character Formation of the Child"; "Religious and Moral Aspects of Family Life"; "The Art of Living Togther"; "Social and Cultural Life in the Family." . . . Without income of some sort, the family is impossible; with a limited income, there is much the family itself can do to improve its economic position; for this, technical training is necessary; the home must not only be well managed, it must be productive. . . . Art that is bought for the home is usually a bad bargain and rarely art; make your own art; build the solidarity of your dwelling with your own work and brain and heart; you will have something that no Grand Rapids suite can supply. . . . Living together is no easy job; its foundations are good will and forbearance and sacrifice and love, orderliness, cleanliness, good food. . . . A true family is a cultural unit; it must make its own culture, with songs in which all can join, stories all can enjoy, games all can play; without its own social life the rôle of the family degenerates into something sub-human. . . . The Christian family exists for the perfection of each of its members, as an individual soul rejoicing in the freedom of the sons of God; if it is anything less, it is to some degree a failure. . . .

In all this, where is the revolution? It is so shot through with revolution that one does not see the forest for the trees. Above all, the whole approach is positive: no talk of *curbing* the evils of divorce (or birth control, or what you will), much talk of living together joyfully and lovingly; little talk of the difficulties and trials, much talk of how to surmount them. Then the lines of action proposed are many, not unitary. No cure-alls are offered, no novelties: all is within a framework of the complex pattern woven by human wisdom in many cultures and many ages. Finally, the problem is not viewed in any way as a *racial* problem, but rather as a deeply human problem, cutting across race and class and binding together race and class under a common destiny. Nothing that was said or done at this convention but what could have been said or done in any white parish across Anacostia Creek, and, indeed, might be more needed there than in the place where it was said and done.

From an "underprivileged" Negro section in Washington comes an example for Americans to follow everywhere, and its spirit is the only spirit in which we can rid ourselves of our own greatest betrayal of Christianity and democracy.

H. L. Binsse.

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International to Regional

The development of architectural style in America.

By **Walter Knight Sturges**

ANYONE who has studied contemporary developments in American architecture of the past ten years cannot help becoming increasingly aware of the part being played by regional influences in the gradual modification of those elements not so long ago considered the hallmarks of the international style. Ten years ago the importation of this style had an effect that was magnetic both on those who espoused it and on those whose reactions ranged from mild to even hysterical opposition. Despite the opposition it received, and still receives from some quarters today, the influence of the international style has been so far-reaching that there is hardly a building erected in the United States today which is not in some respect indebted to it. Such men as Walter Gropius, teacher and architect of the Bauhaus at Dessau, Germany, and Le Corbusier, known for his epoch making design for the League of Nations Palace and his dictum that a house is a machine for living—these men and other leaders of the international style too numerous to mention are responsible for the glass blocks, the sweeping surfaces devoid of decoration, the continuous bands of glass uninterrupted by columnar supports, the ubiquitous corner window and many other commonplaces which were the daring innovations of ten years ago.

The fact that this style was called "international" is significant in reviewing its history, not only because its influence has been far-reaching although superficial in many ways, but also because the "functionalism" (another term used to describe the international style) of the late twenties, while it failed in its attempt to create a dehumanized architecture of the machine, has not failed in other respects more important. The productions of Gropius and Le Corbusier brought to American architecture a purpose differing radically from that of the revivals without number which had been imported by this country ever since the early part of the nineteenth century. Their frank acceptance of modern materials, of the full implications of skeleton construction and the need to develop new forms in accordance with its nature, their concept of open planning and of the building exterior as a space envelope or enclosing volume: these factors plus such actual examples as the Bauhaus and the Tugendat House of Miës van der Rohe were what set a younger generation of architects on fire. That this fire did not die out as quickly as it had burst into flame was surprising only to those whose knowledge of architecture in America was superficial.

Therefore, in order to understand the international style let us look more closely into its antecedents and see whether or not we can determine why this apparently foreign plant has already grown to sizable proportions and is spreading its branches in directions undreamed by its early adherents. In order to clarify our perspective, let us look back a space of fifty years when, once before, America fell heir to an "international style." This time, also, it was shown how rapidly at certain periods a fashion having an "international" parentage can transform the American scene. In 1893 the orderly white classicism of the Chicago World's Fair, product of the first generation of American architects trained at the Beaux Arts school in Paris, was overpowering in its hold on the minds of architects and public alike. For the next twenty years, with few exceptions, the Chicago principles were unquestioned.

Sullivan

The one exception to the prevailing tone of 1893 was the Transportation Building of Louis Sullivan. Many living today still remember the sensation this building caused at the time. Foreign critics found in it a freshness of conception and a candor in the use of materials sadly lacking in the rest of the display. Where others used plaster to imitate the forms of masonry, Sullivan expressed the nature of the material he was using. As he himself put it: "The building must tell the truth about its construction and material. Instead of the magnificent shams of the Court of Honor which pretend to be of marble but are in reality built of plaster, my building shall tell the world it is built of plaster and glory in the fact." Although Sullivan's building ran entirely against the prevailing manner of the Fair, Sullivan was the only architect represented who received foreign recognition. Of the seemingly endless miles of colonnades, the men from abroad doubtless felt they ordered these things better in their own lands, and they wondered, as foreigners will at times do, at America's colonial turn of mind.

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Notwithstanding the importance of the recognition received, the years following the Fair were to show that Sullivan was rapidly becoming outmoded. Although he died as late as 1924, he had but few commissions after the turn of the century, and it was not until two years before his death that he saw something like his dream for the skyscraper win general acceptance in the shape of Saarinen's design for the Chicago *Tribune* Tower. Even then in America it seemed that Sullivan's principles could not be appreciated except in the hands of a foreigner, for Saarinen was a Finn who only later was to come to this country.

Wright

As important to our purpose as the story of Sullivan is that of his immediate followers, the most prominent of whom has been Frank Lloyd Wright. In the early years of this century he expressed much of the indigenous character of the Midwestern scene in his prairie houses. In this achievement he was one of the first American architects to strive consciously for regional expression. Where Sullivan was interested only in expressing the nature of the materials he was using, Wright carried further the principle that form follows function by developing a type of building which expressed in a very particular manner the nature of the site and the climate of its locality. The Robie house, now on the grounds of the University of Chicago, is a good example of the work Wright was doing prior to 1910; but the influence of this house and many others dating from the same period hardly penetrated beyond the suburbs of Chicago, where most of them are still to be found. However, by the end of the first decade of the century, when Wright's reputation in this country began to decline, Europe had already begun to recognize in him both the long awaited American prophet and its own master as well. It is in Holland, not the United States, that the influence of the early Wright buildings is to be found; and where the influence of his buildings is not directly evident, the publication of his works in 1910 in Germany had a profound effect on the minds of European architects. So true is this that the proponents of the international style of twenty years later were all directly or indirectly influenced by Wright. More truly, they were rather the followers of Sullivan; for the international style they represented rejected, at least in principle, all of Wright's poetic regionalism. The rejection of this aspect of his work and the simplification of his other ideas at the hands of a few theorists undoubtedly accounts for the ease with which the international style was imported into this country and elsewhere.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to explain further how the Wright of the prairie houses of 1910 could have become something in so many ways alien to his temperament as the Le Corbusier of 1930, nor is it its purpose to write the finale to Wright's story, which is not yet finished. However, it is its purpose to point out that Wright and his ideas fell into neglect until they were resurrected by an appreciative Europe and brought to these shores in an European disguise. Indeed, the story of Sullivan and Wright and their brilliant but small American following, including such men as George Elmslee and Barry Byrne, is an apt illustration of the adage that a prophet is without honor in his own country.

We have seen how in the work of Wright, more than in the work of any other American, regional conditions have played an all important part. What was true of the prairie houses is, if anything, even more true of his work today. His camp built in the Arizona desert and his Kaufmann House set on a Pennsylvania waterfall alike express the versatility of a mind capable of absorbing the significance of whatever countryside it builds in. It is to this unusual capacity which is now receiving wide if belated recognition that, I think, we must look for an explanation of a large measure of the vitality and development the international style is showing today. Indeed, the teachings we thought so revolutionary in 1930 were actually of American origin. They were revolutionary because up to that time Americans chose to ignore them. For over twenty years what might well be termed our own tradition was distrusted and allowed to grow obscure from neglect.

Regionalism

Wright is by no means the only exponent of regionalism today. Besides directly influencing the Middle West, Wright has affected in varying degrees distinctly regional developments in such widely scattered areas as New England, California and Pennsylvania. Beneath these and all other such regional manifestations appearing at present lies the same universality of viewpoint, expressed, however, in no straight jacketed international style, but in ways as varied as the regions themselves. Nevertheless, as we have shown, it is not out of an unbroken tradition that this movement has sprung but by sowing the seeds of the international style in a seed bed prepared by Sullivan and Wright a quarter of a century and more ago.

At this point it would be well to ask ourselves what American regionalism is and what have been its previous manifestations. This complex subject is a study in itself; therefore, it is the purpose of this article only to touch upon it in a most general way.

The aspects of an architecture which are distinctively regional are those produced by the effects of soil, climate, available building materials

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and the way of life of the inhabitants of the region themselves. In so far as these elements are isolated from outside contacts, they combine slowly and unconsciously to develop into forms, often of great beauty, which we recognize as the embodiment of regional character. Like the folk tune, the ballad and the spiritual, the New England farmhouse, the California mission and the Pennsylvania barn are regional. Even in these, however, regional character has not developed completely isolated from those mobile elements which belong to an inter-regional or international world. The California missions, though built by uninstructed Indian hands, bear none the less the imprint of Spain; the New England farmhouse, though built of native clapboard, brings into the virgin forest a reflection of Georgian England.

It seems that regional elements have always been brought to life by contact with some outside source. In the Middle Ages, the Lombard builders crossed Europe from Lombardy to the British Isles, taking with them a system of vaulted construction which was to revolutionize the art of building in that day and make possible the flowering of the thirteenth century. The men of the Renaissance were so penetrated by the influence of classical antiquity that their heirs, on arriving in the new world, confidently reproduced classical columns and entablatures in an untried wilderness. Without doubt all thoughts of regionalism, as we understand the word today, were far from the minds of a Samuel McIntire, carpenter builder of colonial Salem, or of a Fra Junipero Serra, who was organizing that wonderful chain of missions in California at much the same period. Maybe it was in spite of themselves that they produced buildings strongly regional in character. But, like the Sullivan of a hundred years later, who was to glory in the facts of construction, they, too, gloried in them, if by that we mean that they turned every limitation which primitive surroundings imposed on them to advantage. The mission with its soft bricks and adobe achieved a plasticity of treatment which distinguishes it from all other manner of building in much the same way that the colonial house achieved a grace and lightness of proportion wholly its own, due to the understanding of the difference between the tensile properties of woods, which was theirs to explore, and the compressive strength of stone out of which the models in the mother country had been built.

Where the early pioneers were forced to accept the responsibilities of free innovation, a later generation was to accept these responsibilities as a matter of choice, for it becomes immediately clear that there is no regionalism of a comparably primitive type possible inside the borders of the United States today. The word "regionalism" in its present meaning signifies, besides consciousness of choice, the contemporary striving to master and express the problems arising out of a particular environment. This is one sign of an integrating culture in a maturing society. Should this concept seem a startling novelty in the field of architecture, let it be remembered that it is a commonplace in the world about us. Everybody knows, for instance, that in Maine and Idaho potatoes are grown, and in Iowa, corn.

The danger of dwelling at too great length on the subject of regionalism comes from a natural tendency to forget that all artistic expressions, if they are to have any meaning whatever for the future, must be part of a universal viewpoint, and that a regionalism without outside stimulus seldom finds power to rise above the mere expression of practical necessity. The universal element alone, on the other hand, having no roots, cannot fasten itself to anything and accordingly lacks the capacity to become lasting or popular. Today, I believe, we are witnessing the growing together of two new forces, namely modern regionalism and the international style, which, without each other's support, would rapidly spend themselves, but which, in combination, have tremendous possibilities. That such a development has come into being is one of the hopeful signs of our times and the first in many years that we may live to see in American architecture the fruition that has so long been awaited.

Rifle Range

(Fort Riley, Kansas)

Stamp the ground, stamp the hills
with these cuffs of shots . . . the banks
are thickening

and there is pale green
in the valley, the bouquets of the wild
plums deck the forest beyond
the birds fall through sky

but that is nothing we are learning
in solid rain we pit the embankments
our rifles spit and cough we hear
the waterfall of echoes

I stretch out loosen myself dig
feet in the soil I bring the gun up
shoulder strap tight tiny spot on the front sight

then *spl-a-a-ck* under chin the waterfall starts
over five yards away, the second and beyond that the third
waterfalls of shots all jumping the dust trumpets
out from the banks beyond the targets leer

and we do not care . . .
unwinding string of birdsong falling
the forsythia beside the Major's house, decked out
and the pale green flags of leaves

we do not care we are learning with our waves of lead
and our waterfalls of sound.

DANIEL SMYTHE.

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Can Students Also Serve?

How liberal education can become more liberal, less filled with pride.

***By* Granger Ryan**

DECEMBER 8, 1941. . . . "I wonder," said the student, "whether it is not time to stop the work that we are doing, and think of getting on to something more useful?"

"On the contrary," said the professor, "we shall go right on with our work. It was important before, and it is important now—more important than ever. We have work to do, and no one is going to interfere with it. It is our one consolation; we have work to do, and it is worth doing."

This is the work that they were doing. For several months they had been studying a variety of Latin texts—inscriptions, letters, poems, sermons, translations of the New Testament, records of personal experience, tales and the like—written in the time when Latin was no longer controlled in its growth and development by an educated and cultured artistocracy, but was becoming in an entirely new way the people's language, in the sense that the people were determining the words and forms in which they would express their thoughts and aims and hopes. The student was learning to hear the people's speech in the few and fragmentary written documents which they had left. It was a strong speech, generally crude and inelegant, but emphatic, personal, rich with a sense of human dignity.

"Christianity, and Christianity alone, brought about that change," the professor often said. "Classical Latin was an impersonal speech. Pagans would say *itur,* but the Christians of our period were beginning to say *homo vadit,* as later the French would say *hom va,* or the Germans *man geht.* Where we find such expressions as *faciendum est* in older Latin, we find *homo debet facere* in this post-classical Christian Latin. Deponent forms and passive forms gradually went out of usage. Why? Because they put the emphasis on the action, and leave the agent out of the picture. But to Christian ways of thinking, the agent was at least as important as the action: and the Christian *knew* who the agent was! This change was no mere grammatical accident; it was an advance, almost a revolution, in thought. The Christians said '*man* goes,' '*man* does,' because he *knew* that under God there was only one agent in the world, and that was *man!* 'Man must do,' instead of 'It must be done,' is in itself an answer to the fears and superstitions of paganism."

"But weren't the people of the Middle Ages ridden with fear and superstition, too?" the student once asked. "Certainly historians think they were, and a lot of things I've read have made me think so, too."

"That is undoubtedly true of the very late Middle Ages," the professor replied, "but it is not true of the early Middle Ages. Christian faith and Christian teaching had delivered the people from the pagan idea that they were the passive victims of fortune, fate, or the gods. Christianity taught men that there were only two agents in the world, namely God and man; and that under God, and in Christ, they were the masters of their actions. Linguistics shows us this. It shows us that the people, the masses, were so conscious of their power to act, so aware of their self-mastery, so strong in their sense of self-possession, that they made a new language to express these things. In classical Latin texts it is the orator speaking, or the grammarian, or the rhetor. But Vulgar Latin is the people's speech—the language of a strong, self-reliant, fearless people; and so are the languages that grew out of Vulgar Latin and those that developed parallel to them—the Romance tongues, German and English."

These ideas had more than once prompted another line of reflection. "I have always thought," the student said several times, "that the proper function of all liberal education should not be simply to make students familiar with the great monuments of the literary, artistic and historical past, but to make the *people* of the present know the *people* of the past, and to give them a sense of their own dignity as *people* by making them see what great things the people of times past have built and loved and handed on. What's the good of knowing what one man wrote or another man thought or another sang or painted or carved, or how a few kings ruled or a few saints prayed, unless we know what the *people* were doing and how they were living, and how these individuals and their works represented and affected the lives and thoughts of the people? If education doesn't give the people a sense of their power and their dignity, and of the richness that is theirs simply by inheritance from the people who lived before them and still live in them, what good is education?"

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"Exactly," the professor replied. "And this work that we are doing, this study of linguistics, can become one of the simplest ways of making students conscious of the brotherhood of man. Speech is the primary instrument of communal living and working, and it is the basic cultural gift of the past to the present. Linguistics enables us to hear the people talk. It shows us how from time immemorial, and from generation to generation, they have molded speech to their own need of self-expression. If, by studying the changes which the people imposed upon their speech, we can learn to perceive what 'self' they needed to express, we come very close to knowing what they were and what they thought and how they lived and what they were living for."

"Don't you think," asked the student, "that this suggests one of the real deficiencies in our understanding of a liberal education in general? Haven't we inherited from the humanists an aristocratic or perfectionist tradition in education, which led us to deal too exclusively with the most perfect products—with the masterworks and the master workers—and to give too little attention to the ordinary people, the folk, and their activities and productions? For one course in folk drama or folk music, for instance, you can find dozens of courses on the works of the classical dramatists and composers."

"I think that's true," said the professor, "despite the perfectly obvious fact that without the ordinary or 'popular' works there would be no masterworks. The masterworks draw their material and their inspiration from popular sources. The truly creative agent behind them is the people."

"And for losing sight of that fact," said the student, "the students miss the finest, and, we now see, the most necessary fruit of a liberal education. Their education should teach them before all and above all to realize themselves as belonging to the people, as integral and humble parts of the living and working brotherhood of man; but instead they acquire an attitude, perhaps unconscious, and certainly unfounded in reality, of superiority to the masses who do not know, or do not appreciate, the 'great' works of the past. Intellectual separatism, or class-distinction between the 'educated' and the 'uneducated,' has been to a greater or lesser degree the result of this aristocratic tendency in education."

"There is another defect in the humanistic program of education," the professor said, "which will have to be corrected if education is to serve society more fully than it has so far. Liberal education has been too individualistic. The social and political sciences have laid great emphasis on the rights and privileges of the individual, and that emphasis was right and salutary; but it has tended to obscure the rights of the community and the individual's responsibility to it. Consequently the educated individual is likely to feel himself isolated from or superior to the community in general, as the educated group feels itself superior to the rest of the community."

"It seems to me," said the student, "that the individual's sense of isolation is not due to the political and social sciences alone. Take such studies as philosophy and psychology, with their analysis of 'human nature' and human behavior. I have often felt that they also, to some extent, make a student see all 'man' in himself, and himself as an abstraction; and to a corresponding degree, they fail to give him an increased awareness of his place in the flesh-and-bone community of men. And if that is true, then 'democratic' education has failed to be really democratic in the exact degree that it has been too individualistic. 'Education for democracy' will have to remedy this defect, and will have to envisage its subjects and techniques primarily as means of making the individual a conscious, grateful and coöperative member of the community—of the people."

"But you must not forget," the professor said, "that in fact there must always be groups and gradations in society. You aren't aiming at an absolute leveling, are you?"

"That isn't what I mean," the student answered. "The levels will always be there. I'm talking about the attitude of one level to another. As long as distrust and antipathy divide the scholars and the non-scholars, the more educated and the less educated, we can't have the creative unity which produces the great works of the spirit, nor the mutual sympathy and gratitude which produce peace. Can't scholarship and education foster these attitudes?"

"We must aim to," said the professor, on December 8, 1941. "In fact, before this war began, many scholars in my field, all over the world, were coming to this view of the science of linguistics, and were building up a great common fund of socially valuable knowledge. Now that coöperation is temporarily stopped; but we must go on with the work. It will be important in the time to come. If we can make people realize and appreciate how rich they are just by being human, and being alive, and sharing with other people all the things that the generations of the past have given them, they will be happier and prouder and more contented with what they have; and perhaps they will have less desire to fight other men when they feel how precious are the treasures which all men have in common."

"Then you really think that this work is useful enough to go on with, even now," said the student. "You still think that students also serve!"

"If we can use our knowledge to draw men together," the professor replied, "we shall be useful members of the brotherhood of man."

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Ready for Rations

By LOUISE OWEN

A GREAT deal has been said, goes on being said and will eternally be said about the way people feel at breakfast time. They feel terrible, most of them. They are taciturn, gloomy, anti-social. Their tempers are murky and their minds are muddy. And on top of everything else, they can't eat.

There are various reasons for this. First, there is never time; an inexorable schedule has already divided up the day ahead into a series of paving-blocks that proceed, one after the other, toward the weary, logical evening—the man to his office, the woman to her work, the child or student to class. What! Linger over another cup of coffee and miss the train or the bus or the striking of the clock? What! Wait for one more slice of toast when the big school bus is already sliding to a stop at the door? Even the housewife, whose routine has more flexibility than that of most workers, rises decisively and without regret from an empty, disordered table. Because?—because of our second reason: what's interesting about breakfast, anyhow?

It is hard to say why the foods that pique the interest and placate the appetite should be relegated to noon and night time. Still the country goes on, day after day, breakfasting on orange juice, cereal, coffee and eggs. Or tomato juice, cereal, coffee and eggs; or grapefruit and coffee; or, very simply, coffee . . . black. Sometimes pancakes sneak into the menu, sometimes bacon aromatically intrudes. Some people drink tea—or chocolate—or hot water. And so what?

Small wonder there is no such thing as conversation of an American morning. Small wonder the husband burrows into the newspaper and the wife grows abstracted and unloving. It's no surprise that the family spurts through the door and away like grapes leaping out of a squeezed grape-skin. It's the food, my friends, just the food. Bigger and better menus — slower and sweeter breakfasts — and the whole tempo of life could be subtly adjusted to the metronome of more gracious meals. What we need is not the swing breakfast, but breakfast in 3/4 time.

I do not mean to criticize *per se* the fundamental virtue of these essential breakfast ingredients. Each one, taken by itself, is good—the rich, ice-cold orange juice, the stimulating tomato juice, the plentiful, delicious coffee, conforming to the overworked but unmatched similes of Brillat-Savarin. But why is it necessary to stop there? I can understand how, on some mornings of the year, the stomach would boggle at a full-blown meal; but there are also times when the best intentioned dinner would sit uneasy. That is no excuse for matutinal monotony. And a better start for the days of our complicated, exhausting lives than a menu that reads like a timetable (express, into the bargain) would be a menu like a little poem: a triolet—even a limerick. A stodgy meal predicates a stodgy mind. A brilliant meal provokes a scintillating reaction.

Let's start with coffee. Probably more days are ruined by stuff that goes falsely under this name than by financial reverses, mental despondency or marital infidelity. That which they call coffee by any other name would (sic) smell. I am not referring solely to the horrible, dirty-ochre brews that are served in cheap cafés and fly-by-night stands. In nine households out of ten, the breakfast drink known as coffee is so weak as to be flavorless, so tepid as to be nasty, or has stood so long that it is all body and no soul. And since in these days symmetry is our watchword and obesity our bane, the noxious stuff is either served black, or with cream that would make a proud Jersey blush. Now, it is not hard to make good coffee, excellent coffee, first-rate coffee. Directions for making it are everywhere, in the smallest cook-book and on the cheapest package. I don't understand what people do in order to obtain some of the results that appear on the breakfast table, when I know that it is possible to buy coffee of any grade and grind, and even the most expensive blends are not exorbitantly priced; and surely any fool can boil water, and pour it into a clean pot. The lack must lie in combining this simple trio—perhaps our race has become too highly mechanized to face simplicities and their synchronization. However, coffee remains the *sine qua non* of the perfect breakfast. (It is necessary here to disregard the unfortunate who cannot drink it, or who choose not to; I can only say, *autres tasses, autres goûts,* and wish them Godspeed with their brimming cups of hot water or tea or roasted cereal-beverages.) Let it be sturdy, rich, dark, with a pure soul in a lusty body; let it be full of aroma, and too hot to sip; and if it does not provide a running accompaniment for the whole breakfast, let it at any rate sound the charming grace-note of a pre-prandial demi-tasse.

It is true that breakfast has not been an "ever-fixèd mark"; it has varied over the course of years, from the solid meal of corn-cakes and salt pork of pioneer days and the fruitless breakfasts of the nineteenth century to the abstemious routine of the present. And certainly, in the last decade, an endless variety of viands has been made available to everyone. On the shelves of nearly every grocery, beside the cans of tomato, grapefruit and orange juice, stand cans of apricot nectar, juices of pineapple, apple, lemon, lime, celery, carrot, sauerkraut and yellow tomato, and ingenious cocktails that contain eight or ten combined vegetable juices. There is no end to the possible combina-

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tions: grapefruit and pineapple, lemon and orange, lime and apricot, tomato and sauerkraut. On the counters, in season and out, are oranges and grapefruit, those erstwhile luxuries and present commonplaces; magnificent berries, natural or hybrid; grapes, white and red and black; fresh pineapples, fresh figs, persimmons, avocadoes, pomegranates, Persian melons and Catawba melons—fruits that once were found only on the tables of royalty or the very wealthy, and are today anybody's dish.

So—for breakfast this morning, let us say, we shall have a translucent orange persimmon, cut open like a flower on the plate, and lightly sprinkled with lime-juice. The coffee (see above) will be served with the kind of cream that is skimmed off the top of a wide, shallow pan of milk; it has set at least two days, and pours like yellow velvet. With this comes, instead of a bowl of oatmeal or a couple of fried eggs, a soufflé light as milkweed-down, and scones, and Hybla honey.

Or we'll have (try it!) onion soup; and to balance the richness of that, the coffee will be *au lait*—half strong coffee, half milk still bubbling-hot, poured simultaneously into the cup; and croissant rolls with sweet butter; and, last, the incomparable beauty of pale green honey-dew melon, or big black grapes, or a bowl of tangy jewel-like wild raspberries.

Or papaya nectar, well-chilled; and a tossed salad of avocadoes, tomatoes, endive and lettuce; and for contrast and substance, Mexican chocolate—half chocolate, half coffee, topped with whipped cream; and little crisp crackers and Port de Salut cheese.

Oh, it sounds crazy, does it? Not to me! I've had them—for breakfast—and they were wonderful, every one of them. In the last analysis, they are well-balanced meals containing the proteins and carbohydrates, the vitamins and values, that make a meal what it ought to be, dietetically speaking. Laugh if you like; for years, people have laughed at the New England tradition of pie for breakfast, yet haven't apple pie and toast with marmalade the same common denominators—starch and fruit and butter and sugar? Is a soufflé removed by more than a hair's breadth from scrambled eggs, and is not cheese merely another aspect of cream and milk? . . . I can be supremely happy with Little Necks and stout as an ending for the day—equally, as a beginning. Yet the strong man who would hardly think twice before ordering them for lunch or supper will blanch at the suggestion of facing them for breakfast; the same man who would not hesitate to eat codfish cakes or Canadian bacon as a prelude to his day's work.

Perhaps, in order to carry out the precepts of the *bouleversé* breakfast, it is necessary to crack off some of the polished veneer of life as a whole. Perhaps civilization itself must suffer a change. For the implication of the lingering meal is the unhurried day. It is not possible to sit down at ease, to consume at leisure and to finish in peace, if all the time there is a harsh, insistent bell clanging in the brain—"I must be off!" "I must make the 7:40!" "I must be downtown in half an hour!" The whole pace of living must be readjusted. Life is tending more and more to follow the pattern of the motor highways that gallop continually faster, in straighter and wider lines, from one city to the next. What is to become of the byroads, with their pleasant shady winding ways? The brooks, the birds, the little wild-flowers along the roadside, are still in their places, beautiful and assuaging; but we go whizzing through life on parkway and boulevard, and see only the yellow lines and the cement lanes that assist traffic to go unceasingly faster. Perhaps onion soup for breakfast is the first syllable in a new word: Let us not live so furiously, Oh Lord!

So put away the packaged cereals for the moment; take down the cookbooks, old and new, and rifle their pages for foods that will change the days of our years. On a cold winter morning, start like this:

Hot clam broth, rare mutton chops, watercress, Melba toast, coffee with cream. Does it sound like a poem? It is!—a gustatory hokku!

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

AS I WRITE, the conference at Rio de Janeiro is approaching its climax. It seems probable that the greater number, perhaps all, of the South and Central American governments will combine with the United States in at least partial warfare against the Axis, by breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany, Japan and Italy, ceasing to trade with those countries, and cooperating with the United States in other ways. Such a result will, of course, be of great immediate value to our country in its prosecution of the war, for it will minimize the danger of Axis intrigue in Latin America, which unless vigorously checked might lead to revolutions in a number of the South American countries, placing such countries under Axis control, and quite possibly bringing the war physically as well as otherwise to the soil of this hemisphere.

However, that danger will not be more than lessened, it will not be done away with, by whatever agreements are accomplished by the conference at Rio de Janeiro. If there is one lesson above all others which the history of the world since the Armistice that brought the world war of 1914-18 to a suspension, but not to a real peace, it certainly ought to be a prudent scepticism as to the bind-

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ing effects of inter-governmental conferences. The diplomats of the world more than almost any other class of mankind have been revealed as false prophets and profitless servants of their nations. While this is hard to deny in general, let us hope that the deliberations at Rio de Janeiro will prove to be a bright example of exception from this general condition.

If, for example, the Latin American governments should decide not only to break off all relations with the governments of Germany, Italy and Japan, but should also refuse to receive from the government of Spain any diplomats, or consular officials, or propaganda agents who are members of the Phalangist party—and then should vigorously carry out measures to make their decision effective, why, such action would be worth far more than resounding declarations and fanfares of publicity praising the Good Neighbor policy.

For the Spanish Phalange, which since Franco's victory has so greatly extended its power in Spain as to seem, even if it is not wholly so, the real ruler of that nation, can do far more effective work among the people of the Latin American countries than all the nazi and fascist agents combined. The fact, of course, is natural, since the fundamental forces of civilization in South America and Central America still repose upon and derive most of their force from Spanish and Portuguese culture, traditions, and institutions. The wars of liberation through which the Spanish and Portuguese Americans won their independence from their mother countries did not destroy such affiliations. Such strife is now remote enough in time, and irreversible in political effect, so that the underlying ties of blood and religion and language and law may exert their influence most powerfully. Unfortunately, at present the most active agents of Spain represent in the most virulent form an element historically always active in Spanish affairs, namely, State interference with, at times, even, State control and dominance of the Catholic Church. Against that element, as employed by the Spanish kings and emperors of the past, the Church battled through many centuries, with varying fortunes. Today, that same element is embodied in the Phalange party, whose ideas of totalitarian control of the nation are as strict, and as determinedly followed, as those pursued by the Italian fasists or the German nazis, or the Russian communists. And political control of the Church is one of the main doctrines of the Phalange. Its policy aligns it with Hitler, as their world leader, because only through Hitler's world triumph do they see any future for the Spain of their dreams.

American Catholics should take a leading part in fostering really genuine good neighborly cooperation with the peoples of Central and South America. In their efforts along that line, while showing their appreciation of the Catholic heritage and actual Catholic values of the Latin Americans, they should at the same time disavow and fight against the intrigues of the Phalange, and expose the radically hostile philosophy and policies of that sinister power toward real Catholicism—the spiritual and moral brotherhood which binds nations and races together, but which the Phalange would prostitute.

Communications

NATIONAL WAR LABOR BOARD

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: An editorial in your January 23 issue prompts a few observations about the tide toward excessive statism and the winds of opinion that blow in that direction. The editorial was entitled "National Labor Board" and it displayed a strangely contradictory viewpoint. I will skip certain matters of prophetic opinion; for instance the assumption that with the war crisis there will be no strikes. I am, as your paper has constantly shown itself to be, more particularly interested in a working democracy for the US and the avoidance of a statist tyranny. I am particularly anxious to voice my fears of statism in THE COMMONWEAL since leaders of American Catholic social thought tend to ignore that danger. The social objectives of the present administration do not in themselves justify whatever the New Deal attempts to do.

This editorial expresses the hope that "a fraternity and a newly implemented democracy" will be strengthened in America. It speaks in a way that cannot but be applauded of "the peaceful means to obtain justice for all concerned through the *pluralistic* representation of all parties concerned." Yet the editorial as a whole looks for freedom-fruitful democracy and pluralism through a powerful Executive in almost stated opposition to the parliamentary régime. Congress is in the first paragraph attacked. Setting up the National War Labor Board by Executive decree is praised for the old "wave of the future" reasons: "suppleness . . . impartiality and authority," etc., etc. The most dangerous habit of setting up an Executive Board without directive legislation and legislative standards to check and guide it is welcomed as a progressive step toward—of all things—democracy! This is the epitome of unreason.

It seems to me that the new Labor Board can be welcomed for less dangerous reasons. It seems to me that a magazine like the COMMONWEAL ought not be lulled to sleep during the storm and blink at the possible bad consequences of administrative steps justly taken by necessity, which only supreme vigilance can prevent from becoming primary steps taken toward an unwelcome New Order for the US. A state bureaucracy is *not* a pluralistic organ. The Executive under Roosevelt has certainly given reason for confidence that its decisions will not be rendered to shackle Labor; but over the long term, the interests of the Executive are not those of "Labor" any more than of "Capital" or "the People" or anything else except its own personnel. That is why the American system is one of checks and balances, why we have a Congress duly charged to formulate objective laws so that our government will be one of written justice and not men. During a war the administrative people undoubtedly need a freer hand for quick action than in ordinary times, but it is wise to analyze critically the assumption of unregulated power by men at all times, and for an American it appears to me patriotic to insist

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at all times on constitutional ideals: on the guarantees of human rights, on the right of the people's representatives to establish our laws, as well as on the necessity for the group to act through agencies charged with enforcing policy and preserving the vitality of law. M. F. C.

HENRY GEORGE AND AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

Clarks Summit, Pa.

TO the Editors: Father Bonaventure Schwinn has written well of Professor Maynard's "Story of American Catholicism." Not only because Maynard has given us a serviceable one-volume history of Catholicism in this country, but because, by his literary skill, he has rescued it from the dreary textbook it might have been—no, there is not a dull page in it! But Father Bonaventure is quite right in anticipating criticism of some things here or there in the book—I hardly think Professor Maynard would desire there be none.

As a partisan of Dr. McGlynn in the Corrigan-McGlynn dispute, I would like to take exception to Maynard's treatment of it. Particularly is his treatment unfortunate because a better understanding between Georgists and the usual school of Catholic social philosophy seems imminent—as instanced by the presence of Dr. Harry Gunnison Brown at the last Catholic Rural Life Conference and by the article some time ago in the *Catholic World* on the Revival of Georgism by Father Fichter.

Professor Maynard's contention that, had Dr. McGlynn issued his statement before, instead of after excommunication, he never would have been censored, may or may not be true—if it depended on Archbishop Corrigan I doubt if it would have altered things much, for it must be remembered that Archbishop Corrigan did not always feel it necessary to read a thing before passing judgment on it. Archbishop Walsh, for example, wrote to Cardinal Manning that "it is very plain, very painfully so indeed, that the Archbishop of New York whose pastoral condemns it ('Progress and Poverty') so strongly, cannot have read it at all."

Then as to Leo XIII's supposed condemnation of Georgist land philosophy, as quoted by Maynard, it must be remembered that the encyclical Rerum Novarum preceded the Satalli decision and one can only work the encyclical into a condemnation of Georgism by positing a contradiction between Leo's supposed ruling and the Satalli ruling. It is surprising that Maynard should say that "so far from there being any recantation, McGlynn continued to advocate the single tax," i.e., after his vindication. Perhaps it is only an unfortunate use of a word—for what had Dr. McGlynn to recant?

It is indeed enlightening to know, in Maynard's words, that "we are in a position today of knowing how outmoded the single tax theory has become." Some of us still wait this "enlightenment." The economic and sociological system of George embraces much more than a fiscal measure: it is an attitude, a philosophy. George pioneered, in this country, in the revolutionary thesis that economics and ethics were interrelated branches of knowledge. It is my opinion that the Georgist philosophy can be made to accommodate itself quite nicely into the Thomistic system. Of course there are difficulties, particularly because of Spencerian liberalistic Georgists who envelope the system in a pattern it need not of necessity follow. This by stressing out of all proportion the individualist anti-State Spencerian elements, at the expense of the communal implications inherent in Georgism.

Today, if the workers are to come out of this imperialist war with any dignity or freedom left, it will be the radicals who do the job. It cannot be the liberals—they have nothing but weathercock notions: pacifist they are in peace time; howling patriots in war. And the Spencerian liberals offer no hope, as shown particularly in Albert Jay Nock, whose anti-semitic tendencies have rendered disservice to the Georgist cause. Rather it is the radical Georgists, together with all other true radicals, who oppose personalism to Statism, property to capitalism, communalism to anarchy, pacifism to militarism, who offer concrete hope in an effort to arrive at some semblance of justice in a world cursed by capitalist anarchy and its logical consequence, fascist totalitarianism.

ROBERT C. LUDLOW.

THE CHOICE FOR SOUTH AMERICA

Santiago, Chile.

TO the Editors: The war has reached our shores as everyone who has not been nurtured on illusions had foreseen. It is not difficult to foresee that Japanese strategy—avoiding a difficult frontal attack on the North American Pacific Coast—will seek to gain control of the unarmed Latin American islands (Cocos, Galapagos, Chincha, etc.) to establish bridgeheads on the undefended coastlines of the weak and divided republics of South America. From there an attempt could be made on Panama or on the Straits of Magellan, the sea routes between the two oceans, and thus interrupt the traffic in basic war materials between our countries and the United States. We are therefore directly in the war zone. This is not a matter for debate.

We must face the facts and abandon illusions of absolute peace and neutrality. The world war with its tremendous compass and its dramatic importance is not going to provide an oasis of peace for those who are situated in the midst of its field of operations. This is the hour of our destiny and decision.

What should be done under such circumstances? Shall we be able to remain impassive when faced with the aggressive plans of conquest of the totalitarians or shall we openly and decisively cooperate in Continental defense?

If we do not wish to suffer the fate of Belgium, Holland, Yugoslavia or Greece, we must make up for lost time and immediately act together in a defensive alliance with the United States. That alliance must be as comprehensive as the circumstances demands; no more, no less.

Does that attitude represent an unconditional surrender to the powerful North American nation? On the contrary, the hour demands an equitable adjustment between the two parts of the New World. For if the United States seeks effective solidarity it must try to blot out the injustices that have impaired inter-American relations and cooperate in such a way that a new economic relationship

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without imperialism may become the expression of a new spirit and a practical outline for strengthening the twenty countries. These countries can and should be a source of strength, not a burden. That is the redeeming task that lies before the Latin American political leaders, namely, that just as they must work for hemisphere defense, so they must obtain the emancipation of Latin America from all outside tutelage.

To do this, the mutual assistance pact must be recognized as arrived at between equals. To do this, there is only one way: that of the unity of our peoples; the same unity as envisioned by San Martin and O'Higgins, Bolívar and Sucre long ago when similar dangers blotted out suspicions and lighted the way to a solution.

But that is not all. The gravity of the problem calls for the entire strength of each one of our countries. Let us say it quite frankly: the time has come for national union in the face of danger. Enough of internal quarrels, domestic rivalries, arbitrary régimes! Every governing group has the responsibility of bringing toward national cooperation as many as possible to collaborate in the great duties of the hour.

Inspired by the ideal of their independence, our countries sense in the liberating task, the essential unity that assures the fulfillment of their destiny. In hours like these may we Latin Americans unite to preserve our national autonomies and to take the positive action that will give us our proper place in the world.

MARIO ALZAMORA.

GREY EMINENCE

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO the Editors: In a letter of mine, published in the December twenty-sixth issue of THE COMMONWEAL, I took exception to Mr. Sloane's statement, in his review of Aldous Huxley's "Grey Eminence," that the chapter on mystical theology or "The Religious Background" proved that the author did not believe in the divinity of Christ. I had written this letter as a personal note to a member of your staff. However, since it has been printed and since Mr. Sloane has taken the trouble to reply, I should in fairness to all concerned restate my opinion more precisely and in greater detail.

I readily grant that no Catholic conversant with the Church's definition of the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ could or would have used many of the expressions that Mr. Huxley used. However, there are many non-Catholics who staunchly believe in the central doctrine of Christ's divinity although they fail to accept the Catholic dogma in all its details and logical ramifications. Is it not true that prior to the fifth century even the Catholic theologians were at variance in regard to certain points respecting the Person and Nature of Our Lord and that it required the infallible definitions handed down by oecumenical councils to settle the disputes? Would it be fair to question the belief of these early Christians in the divinity of Christ because of their imperfect knowledge of the whole Truth? And is it just, today, to judge the terminology of any non-Catholic believer in Christ's divinity by the strict standards of Catholic theological definition?

To me, the obvious deduction from Mr. Huxley's chapter on mystical theology is: not that he doubts the divinity of Christ, but merely that he does not accept our belief that the Church was founded and divinely commissioned by Christ as the infallible teacher in the realm of faith and morals.

In the third paragraph of his letter, Mr. Sloane quotes as follows: "This word (The Cloud of Unknowing) consists in the art of loving God for Himself alone and as he is after passing through the refractive medium of a human Personality." This is inaccurately quoted and should read*: "This work (The Cloud of Unknowing) consists in the cultivation of the art of loving God for Himself alone and as He is in Himself—not for what the worshipper can get out of Him and *NOT* as he is after passing through the refractive medium of a human personality" (chapter III—page 68). This inaccuracy probably confused careful readers but does not affect the phrase at issue which is "human personality." This human personality, says Mr. Sloane, "designates Jesus Christ." Granted! But is it fair to expect Mr. Huxley to understand our Catholic theological distinction between Person and Nature?

With respect to Mr. Huxley's discussion of Jesus-centrism, he merely demonstrates—it seems to me—his inadequate understanding of the true relationship between meditation and contemplation. We may well ask: How many of our Catholic lay writers (if unassissted by a trained theologian) could have avoided the pitfalls into which Mr. Huxley has fallen?

I agree with Mr. Sloane that we can proceed from "meditation" on the God-Man, Jesus Christ, to the "contemplation" of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. But in that process we pass from Jesus-centrism (the Imagistic meditation discussed by Mr. Huxley) to pure Theo-centrism as understood by the great Catholic mystic, Saint John of the Cross, who says in Book Two of his "Ascent of Mount Carmel": "It is true that the soul is prepared through outward and palpable things adapted to sense, that it may form a habit in things spiritual and thus acquire actual and substantial spirituality which is complete abstraction from every sense." It would seem to me that Mr. Huxley had in mind "this complete abstraction from every sense" when he wrote as he did of Jesus-centrism. Julius Tyciak has expressed the same thought when he says: "God is incomprehensible. That is why there is no concept of Him. God cannot be contained in a concept." "Life in Christ."

While not agreeing with Mr. Sloane's conclusions (I wonder now as I did when I wrote my letter if these conclusions were not deducted from a foreknowledge of Mr. Huxley's position with regard to the divinity of Christ), I certainly consider his review of "Grey Eminence" one of the best and most provocative I have ever read.

JULIA T. METCALF,
Saint Thomas More Library.

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* The inaccuracy was THE COMMONWEAL'S, not Mr. Sloane's.

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The Stage & Screen

The Rivals

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN'S "The Rivals" is generally catalogued in college drama textbooks as Comedy of Manners. But as Sheridan wrote it, it was more than half parody: a farcical burlesque of the sentimental theatre of Kelly and Cumberland. Addressing a more sophisticated—which is to say, a more self-conscious—generation, Sheridan turned from the heart to its dress. For a model, he turned to Congreve, but his touch was heavier than his master's, and he made a broader use of Ben Jonson's generalized "humours." In wit, delicacy, imagination, style, he never reached the highest achievements of the Restoration, although he successfully aped them in "The School for Scandal."

His earlier "The Rivals" noticeably betrays its mixed heritage and purpose. It is three-quarters farce and only one-quarter comedy; the humor is more often slapstick than wit. Moreover, Sheridan wasn't yet sure enough of himself to throw out sentiment entirely: for the taste of those of his audience who might prefer Goldsmith, he included a scene or two and a character or two (Lydia and Faulkland) of conventional romance.

In staging the Theatre Guild's revival of "The Rivals," Eva Le Gallienne has suffered from the same divided approach as its author. Should it be presented as comedy or farce? Classicized or modernized? Played straight or spoofed? Well, why not a little of each?

And so we have Bobby Clark and Walter Hampden. We have Congreve's "Buxom Joan" and a prologue by Arthur Guiterman. We have sighs and whistles, swoonings and double-takes.

Bobby Clark deservedly leads the list. Bobby has washed off his spectacles and left his cigar in the wings, but it's the same Bobby we've all learned to love, with his bubbling good spirits, his skulking stride and unstable knees, his roving eyeballs and mock-grandiloquent gestures, his subtle timing, his command of stage-space. His clowning evidences remarkable inventiveness without ever sacrificing consistency. Inseparable from his technique is Bobby's irresistibly winning personality, which finds itself as easily at home in the 18th century as in the Ziegfeld Follies. Although he steals Sheridan's show, he never smothers it. He doesn't mugg his part, he skilfully expands it.

The other two principals are the veterans Walter Hampden and Mary Boland. These two belong to the upstaging tradition; they regard parts as vehicles for themselves rather than as characters to be portrayed. Hampden plays Sir Anthony Absolute with a maximum of determined heartiness and a minimum of imagination; Miss Boland enunciates Mrs. Malaprop's Goldwynisms ably, but doesn't hold the character together. Likewise, Haila Stoddard has the looks but not quite the authority to blend successfully the comic and the romantic in Lydia Languish's rôle (prototype of our Southern Belle). Philip Bourneuf does a better job; his Sir Lucius O'Trigger has both style and relevance; and Donald Burr is a decorative and assured Captain Absolute. Helen Ford sings Macklin Marrow's entr'acte songs with suitable archness, and Watson Barratt's costumes and settings, particularly Mrs. Malaprop's pink drawing room, are as handsome as they are gay.

In sum, the performance successfully avoids the two principal faults of revivals; pretentiousness and dullness. Its shortcomings are principally Sheridan's own, and if the latter is turning in his grave these nights, it is probably to applaud Mr. Bobby Clark. (At the Shubert.)

DAVID BURNHAM.

Slang Spy Sling

EVEN though "Ball of Fire" does peter out and get conventional in its last half, it deserves credit for its brilliant beginning and attempt to tell an extraordinarily novel story. Samuel Goldwyn's new comedy is about a bunch of old fogies who are writing an encyclopedia and who all live together in the most rococo house that New York has left from the Victorian period. You can imagine the excitement when the professor of English, who set out to get a new slant on the development of current slang in the American language, brings home Sugarpuss O'Shea. Now Sugarpuss is quite a number. She sings and dances with Gene Krupa's Orchestra in a hot spot and she doesn't speak English at all; she just gives out with slang. For our professor she's a gold mine; but she upsets this house of nice old men no end. Being the

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moll of a gangster who's on the spot she uses the household of encyclopedists as a hideout. Our professor falls for her on account of because she pretends she loves him and teaches him yum-yum. Well, things get bad when the gangster claims his gal, but the nice old men show that they learned a thing or two while they were writing the encyclopedia and it all turns out exactly as you expect. As the philologist Gary Cooper combines dry humor with his usual appealing shyness. Barbara Stanwyck puts all her oomph into the rôle of the slangy, hard boiled burlesque queen. Of the eight dried up fossils (who include such capable actors as Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers and S. Z. Sakall) Richard Hadyn is the funniest—not only because he's the only one who had a wife once, but also because of his inimitable style as the botanist of the crowd. Good performances are also turned in by Dana Andrews as the gangster, Dan Duryea as his stooge, Allen Jenkins as the garbage man. Gregg Toland's photography, as usual, is something to see. Howard Hawks has given fine direction to the script which Charles Brackett and Billy Windler wrote from their original story. I wish that Mr. Goldwyn had insisted on a newer and brighter ending for his production. But adults looking for diversion will find it and hearty laughs in this modern fairy tale about a Snow White who was a tramp and her eight old dwarfs who were innocent babes.

Elizabeth Bergner is an extremely capable actress with a large following of admirers who are particularly attracted by her brand of emotional wistfulness. Unfortunately this German actress and her wist are wasted in her first American film. Also wasted in this melodrama of intrigue and counterespionage in the French underground movement after the fall of Paris are Randolph Scott as a Texan flying in the RAF, Basil Rathbone as a French politician who wants to turn France over to the Nazis, Lee J. Cobb as a Gestapo chief, Gale Sondergaard as the Underground's unnecessarily ruthless Madame Defarge. "Paris Calling" starts out interestingly enough with effective shots of frightened Parisians fleeing from their city. Bergner, the fiancée of the traitorous politician, looks very small and pitiful indeed. But when the evacuées are bombed and her mother is killed, she returns to Paris and joins the movement devoted to freeing France. From then on this film is much like any third-rate spy-and-chase thriller. Director Edwin L. Marin was handicapped by a badly written script that never bothers to gather its loose ends. It does manage to give Miss Bergner several dramatic moments and to get in a little propaganda as Flier Scott explains that he fought against Franco and the Japanese as he is now fighting against the Germans because this is all the same war for liberty. But "Paris Calling" never explains just what the underground plotters are getting at or what good it does to tell the British how France is capitulating. A breathless last-minute rescue by the RAF in the finale precludes the film's being taken at all seriously.

One wonders why Hollywood bothered with "The Shanghai Gesture." The subject matter and incidental trimmings of John Colton's melodrama were hardly appropriate motion picture material in the first place; and after a few run-ins with the Hays office the emasculated remainder should have been put in the "pictures not be be made" file. The finished result with nothing to recommend it proves that. Colton's sensational play was at least given interesting treatment on the stage; and with Florence Reed in the lead it was one of the outstanding thrillers of its day. In this over-pretentious film version Madame Goddam is known as Mother Gin Sling and the ill-famed brothel, which she runs and in which she executes her horrible revenge on Sir Guy Charteris, is now simply a notorious gambling house. Four script-writers wrote the screenplay, but none of them could be proud of his job, even including Joseph von Sternberg who directed the picture as well as having his finger in the adaptation. Mr. von Sternberg must be blamed for the ham acting of his cast, most of whom ineptly resort to silly grimaces and leering innuendos to put over the inadequate lines. Ona Munson, in a smeary make-up, is completely un-Oriental as Gin Sling. Even Walter Huston, as the father of the girl who is the victim of the Madame's cruel plot, could not overcome the script's deficiencies. As the gigolo, Victor Mature, with sneers and pumping nostrils, is dully flat. As the cheap degenerate daughter, Gene Tierney throws herself around petulantly and overdoes the somebody-give-me-a-cigarette gesture until the audience giggles at her every scene. Even with its unintended laughs, "The Shanghai Gesture" becomes a bore. The banquet scene, which is a high spot in melodramatic action, is dragged out until it becomes interminably stupid. "The Shanghai Gesture" is one of those Hollywood errors that are best forgotten.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

True Realism

Ransoming the Time. Jacques Maritain. Translated by Harry Lorin Binsse. Scribners. $2.50.

THE CHARACTERISTIC qualities distinguishing the thought of Maritain and imparting to it a striking note of timeliness are to a marked degree evident in the present volume, which gathers between its covers a number of essays touching on crucial problems of the present-day world and revolving round the central theme of the need of Christian ideas if modern life and culture are to be rescued from their inherent frustrating tendencies. The title of the book, therefore, is to be taken in the sense that Christianity, in virtue of the wholeness and realism of its interpretation of life, alone is capable of redeeming our age from the intellectual inadequacy that haunts contemporary philosophy and renders it impotent in the realm of practical application. Modern speculation lacks both fulness of perspective and a sense of the reality of things. It cannot rid itself of the persistent feeling that it is dealing with a world of illusions and that the core of reality is irrational. For this theoretical uncertainty and consequent practical hesitancy, the philosophy of Maritain, inspired by Christian wisdom, contains the remedy. Two things, by way of correction, Maritain brings to philosophy, namely, the perception of the artist and the mystical vision. As an artist Maritain

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realizes that perspective is as essential in thought as it is in drawing; the mystical vision, on the other hand, puts him in contact with the ultimate reality. Here it is necessary to recall that in his "Preface to Metaphysics" Maritain attributes the concept of being, on which all philosophy hinges, to a kind of mystical intuition, which like Faith partakes of the nature of a Grace. Strange as it may seem, it is mysticism that guarantees ultimate reality and thus, also provides a sound basis for action.

With this comprehensive and mystical vision Maritain approaches the problems which beset the contemporary world. Notably three problems present themselves as invested with great urgency: human equality, tolerance and the sanctification of political life. The claim that our times have successfully coped with these problems is belied by the sorry plight to which the world has been reduced, and the cause of the failure must be sought in the fact that we have attempted the solution on empirical lines whilst only the metaphysician can see the dimensional quality of these questions and do them full justice. Thus the mere concept of equality provides no guidance for the treatment of men until it has received a definite content, which both inspires reverence for human nature and calls forth sentiments of human fellowship. Moreover, the concept of basic human equality must be compatible with a hierarchical organization of society. Only the Christian idea of equality answers these requirements. Tolerance, in its turn, must be more than a purely negative attitude and grow into the realization of genuine neighborliness based on the conviction that the erring brother is sincerely groping towards the same end as we, though we are privileged, yet without any merit of our own, to behold the goal in a clearer light. Tolerance so conceived makes it possible for religious men, in spite of differences of creed, to join in constructive action for Christian civilization. The purification and sanctification of national as well as international politics must be brought about by means that rise above the level of politics and belong to the sphere of individual and social ethics. These ideas, here only roughly sketched, the volume under review works out with great wealth of detail and compelling logic. The book is a great book for many reasons, but its chief title to greatness lies in this, that the author keeps his soul free from the passions that agitate his generation, and manifests a serenity and gentleness of spirit that are best described as evangelical. It is to be hoped that his words will find a strong resonance.

On the final restoration of Israel to its unique position as God's elect the author presents some striking ideas, which, however, seem to be in accord with the teaching of St. Paul, who never lost faith in the world mission of his people. In fact, their present sufferings that beggar description may be the crucible in which they are being fitted for some new stupendous task. In two chapters the author gives a succinct exposition of the philosophy of Bergson, in which intuition plays a prominent part and which has strongly influenced Maritain's philosophical views. The translator deserves credit for the very readable English version of the original.

C. BRUEHL.

Introducing Australia. C. Hartley Grattan. John Day. $3.00.

"AUSTRALIANS have a much stronger tendency to be independent in small things than in the larger things of life." In this short, casual observation, a mere *obiter dictum* in a chapter of "Oddments," Mr. C. Hartley Grattan, America's foremost authority on Australia, has crystallized a wealth of study of the Australian character and achievement. Indeed, it might well be inscribed on the title page as a summary of the whole book. To see ourselves as others see us is good not only for the soul but also for the nation, and the Carnegie Fellow in Australia (1937-38), who has three times visited her shores, has done more than write for American readers a timely encyclopedia in miniature on the island-continent, which is looming ever larger in the Pacific war news. He has also given Australians themselves—and this reviewer is an Australian—the best general evaluation of their economy and culture, to be published since Professor Hancock's "Australia" of 1931.

Mr. Grattan writes from a full firsthand knowledge, a wide experience and scholarship and with a deep sympathy and understanding of Australia's problems and ideals. His knowledge of the facts and his comprehensive acquaintance with Australia's general and specialized literature is truly remarkable. In his opening chapter, "As I see Australia," he begins at the end and sets down for Americans his general conclusion. "I see in Australia the opportunity to build a version of European-American civilization which will be unique and perhaps possessed of virtues we are little likely to achieve in our own country." By way of contrast, he follows with a novel chapter, "As Australians See It," in which he quotes the views of representative Australians, including a judge, an economist, a historian, a librarian, a novelist and a priest. It is perhaps to be regretted that there is no testimony from the most representative Australian—the man in the street—and that the author's correspondents had to be veiled in anonymity. This reviewer, for instance, is highly suspicious of the "Jesuit Father" quoted. Indeed, from internal evidence, he seems to recognize in him a personal friend in Melbourne. If his guess is correct, then Mr. Grattan's Jesuit is an Irishman, not an Australian!

The author gently corners the critic in his preface by stressing that he is writing for Americans and "that Australian readers may find what seem curious omissions, . . . etc." But one can at least disagree now and then with his interpretations. This Australian, however, finds himself in almost complete agreement with Mr. Grattan's strictures and proposals, especially those on pages 162-3, urging the continuance of federalism, uniformity of industrial laws and social services and the decentralization of responsibility and administration. "Of literature and art," says Mr. Grattan, "there is an Australian tradition of good work, if only it can be discriminated from the rubbish and *faux bon* stuff in which it is embedded." Good. But he is perhaps less objective in his estimate of Australian art than he is of her literature. "The basic Australian literary tradition is a compound of sound learning, rebelliousness, ardent faith in the common man and an even more ardent faith in the Australian future," but in art, "tradition, not rebellion, is the important factor," with "the established artists and gallery directors opposed to the modernists, Cézanne and his successors." Is rebellion a criterion of beauty? Is there no virtue in tradition?

But the principal point of criticism is on interpretation and over-emphasis. It would appear that Mr. Grattan is primarily an economist. Certainly, his analysis of Australia's trade, finance and industrial achievement is the most brilliant part of the book. But it is to be

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feared that his dominantly economic slant overcolors his judgments in other spheres. For instance, he writes that "in a fundamental sense, the gold rushes did not interrupt the basic trends of Australia's development" (page 49). Even in the purely economic context in which it is written, it is at least arguable. But in its broader implications, it is surely short of the truth, for the gold rushes supplied the *spirit* of democracy,which really democratized the machinery of free institutions, acquired on the eve of the discoveries and the spirit of social reform, which found organized expression in the rise of the labor movement, both fundamental elements in Australia's development. The same economic preoccupation leads him perhaps into over-emphasizing the "tie with Britain." There is no denying the strong economic link in trade and investment with Great Britain but it would be an exaggeration to imply that the economic tie carries over into the cultural life of the masses of the Australian people. While certain "representative Australians" through scholarship and private interest are intimately linked with Britain, English attitudes and mores count for very little today in the lives of average Australians. Indeed, a Gallup poll on the "tie with Britain" would, we suspect, reveal some startling results. There is more truth than the author possibly suspects in his remark that "Anglophiles often quite unconsciously tread hard on the toes of the Dominions."

In his discussion of post-war reconstruction in Australia, Mr. Grattan gives prominence to "the line taken by the Roman Catholic Church" which he characterized as "very remarkable." Quoting from the statement on Social Justice issued by the National Secretariat of Catholic Action for Social Justice Sunday, held last year on May 4, the author stresses three points:

1. That family wages should be the first charge on industry before dividends.
2. That industrial councils should be formed, to govern wages, conditions, prices and production in the different industries, with complete autonomy of control, subordinate only to the ultimate authority of the state.
3. That if the present wage system proves incompatible with social justice the cooperative working of industry, giving workers an adequate share in the profits, management and control of industry, may have to be substituted.

The statement is the work of the lay reader of Catholic Action and is published as "formally approved by the Episcopal Committee on Catholic Action."

Mr. Grattan finds the Catholic proposals in no way incompatible with the plans of Australian non-Catholic economists or the policy of Labor and concludes that "there is no reasons why in actual practice labor should not support the program of the Catholic Bishops."

The book is rounded out with three valuable appendices: a chronology of Australian history; over ten pages of statistics on population, industry and labor; and an excellent reading list, in which Mr. Grattan notes that he "owns what is considered to be the largest collection of Australiana in private hands in America. It includes many books, pamphlets, etc., not available elsewhere in this country. For conditions under which this collection may be consulted, write the author setting out purpose and needs." JAMES G. MURTAGH.

A History of Hungary. Dominic F. Kosary. Benjamin Franklin Bibliophile Society. $2.75.

WHILE officially Hungary stands on the side of the Axis and has sent troops to fight the Bolsheviks with the German armies, some Hungarian propagandists are allowed to do some flirting with American liberalism in order to protect their country from the tragic mutilation Hungary suffered after the first World War, in case of a German defeat. The author of this book, as well as Julius Szekfu, who wrote the foreword, both professors in Budapest, would not dare to publish such a book without the benevolent consent of their government.

This popular compendium of national history tries to convince its readers that Hungarians are a nation of extraordinary state builders, that the Carpathian Basin is a geographical unity which should not be divided, that Hungarians are true liberals, that the imperialistic trends of the Hapsburg monarchy were Vienna's and not Budapest's fault, and so on. These points are never made in such clear statements as I have used; the patriotism of the author works with much smoother means: these leading thoughts will be your own conclusions if you learn Hungarian history only through this new book. It is the most subtle type of political propaganda we know. MAX FISCHER.

John Hus and the Czech Reform. Matthew Spinka. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.50.

THE SOLE aim of this monograph, which is dedicated to the Czech people, is to refute Loserth's thesis that Hus slavishly appropriated Wyclif's ideas. The author has utilized the sources and modern Czech scholarship and he finds that Hus's principal interest lay in moral reform and that he belonged to a native movement. In adopting the Englishmen's verbal form, he merely followed medieval literary custom, and his thought was either his own or was derived from Czech tradition. Therefore Hus was unjustly condemned as a Wycliffite, although Mr. Spinka admits that his convictions would have inevitably undermined the foundations of Roman Catholic structure and doctrine.

THEODORE M. AVERY, JR.

FICTION

Dragon's Teeth. Upton Sinclair. Viking. $3.00.

TYPICAL Sinclair. His ideas on certain nazi evils are cast in narrative form in order to reach more people. Interest in his characters is totally lacking. The story is inept and unconvincing, although some readers will like the fictitious personal interviews with Hitler, Goering, et al. Unreadable "novel" but, especially in the final pages, a telling attack.

We Who Died Last Night. Quentin Morrow Philip. The Grail of St. Meinrad's, Ind. $2.00.

A STORY intended for popular consumption of a man's rise from the flophouses of Chicago to business success. Inexpertly added are long stretches of apologetics and moralizing. An unhappy first attempt despite the good intention of facing life squarely.

Young Ames. Walter D. Edmonds. Little Brown. $2.50.

HERE is a collection of pleasant, entertaining stories about New York business, love, ships and men. But the claim of the publishers that Mr. Edmonds has written a novel here is less than accurate. For the fact is that what is assembled between covers is a series of short stories that have all appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Whatever unity they possess is given them

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by Young Ames, with whose career they are all concerned.

They are not first-class short stories, and our interest in Young Ames is less in a person than in a set of ideas—and in the world of yesterday. For Young Ames is a clerk on the make, brash, ambitious and unreflecting, who slashes rising doubts and occasional inferiority with nerve, audacity and an almost ridiculous belief in his own destiny. His advancement he owes both to these qualities and to a business "smartness" that is less the result of experience than of a flair for unscrupulous conduct that would have frightened other men.

For what, here, obliquely engages Mr. Edmonds is the ways in which men get on. It is true that he is careful, even thrilled, to recreate—within the areas of fiction—the urban world of a century ago. So that the stories touch upon slums, abolition riots, "nigger"-hatred, the volunteer fire department in New York City, and on the fringes of Irish politics vulgar and sharp and real.

One of them, The Girl from Dublin, reveals, more frighteningly than history books, the horrors that our large cities offered to innocent, lonely immigrants; reveals, too, unknown facts about the melting-pot; reveals, with present fright, the world behind the statistics of prostitution. And that is why I find this story to be the best of all. I am not, however, regarding this as more than a fictional essay in history. And I like Mr. Edmonds' admission that he has picked up "history whose authenticity I am entirely unprepared to defend."

Mr. Edmonds admits to Hones' Diary. And his stories show the merchant-aristocrat fears of Andrew Jackson, touch upon his destruction of the Second Bank and mercantile fear of Jackson's French policy, the ruthless honesty of the merchant class, their nice concessions to political democracy and their revulsion for "that man." But these things are overtones, things briefly noted as the stories run on.

It is true, too, that both Mr. Ames and the whole atmosphere are steeped in pleasant romanticism more true in itself than are its historical props.

But our main concern is with Young Ames' career. It is an interesting and even exciting career. But it is, as I have said, an essay in the technique of getting on. The acumen and sure ambition of Young Ames—who at the end of two years is a partner in his firm—is underscored by contrasts: contrast with the older, sharp man, McVitty, scrupulous in his own conduct, who has reached his level peak; or with Gibbs, watching, but not following Ames' dramatic rise, Gibbs, who is moody, brooding, secure only in his past, drinking gin and lemon.

The sharper points of Young Ames are softened by his love for Christine Chevalier (niece of his employer) who, loving him, is thus given insight less into actualities than into potentialities. She is lovely, exciting and excited, honest, honorable and faithful. There is about her both a fragility and a stubbornness, a knowing innocence. She is incapable of deceit but not of minor stratagem; capable only of the more pleasant forms of coquetry. For her, you and I would throw our caps over a windmill. In short, she is your girl and mine.

But young Ames throws no caps. He fights for her. But his fighting is a form of blackmail—shrewd exercises in diplomacy. And now that he has got on one supposes, in the New England phrase, that he will get honor and get honest before her who, on their wedding night, "had a kind of a hush upon her, and her dark eyes looked up at his as if to ask for his approval." FRANCIS DOWNING.

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The Inner Forum

THE NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES

THE STORY of the missions in the Netherlands East Indies goes back to the beginning of the 16th century and the name of Saint Francis Xavier is ever connected with it, for he had been working for a time in the Moluccas, then the center of Portuguese and Arabic trading.

In the 17th century, however, Dutch Calvinists drove out the Portuguese and slowly conquered the territory. It was at this time that Holland fought its 80 years war for freedom against Spain. Religious fanaticism was a strong factor in this war, but national antagonism must also be blamed for the fact that every Catholic priest was driven away from the East Indian archipelago once the islands were conquered by the Dutch East Indian Company.

These facts must be taken into consideration when we try to form a sound judgment on the Catholic mission work done in this area. In Holland itself Protestantism persecuted the Church for more than two centuries and did not allow public worship by Roman Catholics. It was not until the French Revolution and Napoleon that freedom of worship returned.

In the East Indies, the administration of the government was an improvement over the Dutch East Indian Company, which, in 1798, it supplanted. Even in regard to the missions the government changed something. In 1808 the first Catholic missionary was admitted to Batavia. This historical fact must be remembered when comparisons are made with the missions in China, British-India, the Philippines and the Americas, which all were started around the year 1500. Missions in the Netherlands East Indies, therefore, lag behind most of the missions by three centuries.

Furthermore the Colonial Government although allowing the presence of Catholic missionaries in the East Indies, by no means favored their activities. Catholics in the homeland had to fight during the last century for treatment on an equal footing with the citizens of other denominations. In the East Indies things were even worse.

In the first half of the 19th century the number of missionaries in the Netherlands East Indies was not more than a dozen, and in the year 1846 such difficulties arose that the Colonial Government expelled the Vicar Apostolic of Batavia, Bishop Jacobus Groof. The few priests who remained died or left the area, and soon not a single priest was left in that large country.

Later on the conflict was settled, and in 1859 the new Vicar Apostolic, Bishop P. M. Vrancken, asked the Jesuits to take care of the mission work. From 1859 to 1902 they labored in the whole territory of the Netherlands East Indian archipelago. They were obliged, however, to restrict their activities almost entirely to the European inhabitants, although in several places they did courageous pioneer work among the natives.

In 1902 the Church authorities adopted a new policy of decentralization with amazing results. The one Apostolic Vicariate of 1902 is divided now into 10 Apostolic Vicariates and 6 Prefectures. Instead of 59 priests there are now 599 priests, who are assisted by 433 brothers and 1,927 sisters. Instead of the Jesuits only, assisted by 5 orders of Brothers and Sisters, there are now 14 different orders of priests with 46 congregations of Brothers and Sisters. From 1920 to 1940 the number of Catholics throughout the territory increased 300 percent. You can estimate the promise of the future from the 60,000 Catechumens. In recent years the average of Baptisms has been 50,000 annually. The missions of the Netherlands East Indies have 1,796 schools from grade to high schools, five teacher schools, five teacher colleges, and one institute for deaf mutes. There are 62 hospitals, two leper colonies, many orphanages. In the different seminaries now 303 candidates prepare for the priesthood; 16 native priests are already working with the Netherlands missionaries and since April, 1940, there has been one native bishop.

The invasion of the mother country in May, 1940, has been disastrous for the missions. Until that time the three million Catholics of the Netherlands not only supported their more than 8,000 missionaries, who work in almost all the mission fields of the world, but they also took complete care of the missions and their institutions in their overseas Empire. Not one of the Netherlands Indies Vicariates or Prefectures is self-supporting. Schools and charitable institutions will have to be abandoned.

It may seem strange that these rich islands are not cable of sustaining their mission work. However, the wealth of the Netherlands East Indies is not in the hands of Catholics. The relatively few Netherlands Catholics came to the East Indies as soldiers, teachers, functionaries or as more or less intellectual employees of the large plantations and industries. Until twenty years ago, it was very exceptional for a Catholic to go to the East Indies. The general advice given by the clergy was: Keep away from the East Indies, because you lose your faith, as sorrowful experience proves! However, when the care of souls was more organized, this advice was no longer continued, although strength of character is always needed in a Netherlander exposed to a tropical environment.

Those Netherland Catholics who never have bothered other nations for support of their own missions begin to speak of an emergency. Now the old Pacific has burst into flames of war there will be still more hardships for the pioneers of the Gospel over there.

REV. P. J. M. H. MOMMERSTEEG.

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